

DERRY.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.
CHAPTER VII.

The morning which followed that day of bitter trial, dawned on the afflicted family through clouds and storms. A heavy fall of rain, finding free ingress through the broken roof, obliged the inmates to devise means for filling up the chasm—a task too perilous to be performed in the usual way, since the workmen so employed would have become a mark for the enemy's gunners. Magrath displayed great skill in directing the operation; and hastening downstairs, employed himself in altering, as much as possible, the arrangement of the furniture, changing the usual position of the breakfast table, and narrowing the space formerly occupied by the family. Bryan, as he paced the room with restless steps, surveyed from time to time the progress of his attacked follower; and secretly acknowledged the mercy which had sent among them one, who, to the faithful affection of old Shane, added that judgment and self-possession in which the gray-haired domestic had always proved himself remarkably deficient. But he spoke not.

Those feelings of bitter wrong sustained, which had wrought in his mind on the preceding day, even to a momentary thirst for vengeance, had partially revived, while, standing on the bedstead, he assisted to repair the breach where death found entrance, and fixed a temporary shutter to the window-frame, through which the beloved remains were passed to the street below. To combat these suggestions was no easy task, for patriotism combined its powerful voice with what seemed the pleadings of filial and fraternal love. Hitherto Bryan had refused to depart from the strict line of defensive operations, nor had he been much urged to do so; but now it became evident that frequent sallies would take place, and not to volunteer a soldier's part must necessarily expose a young and active man to unpleasant remarks. It is the policy of the tempter to aggravate present grief by leading the imagination to dwell on the probability of future perplexities, and poor Bryan experienced such a conflict as almost overpowered his frame, fatigued by two nights of watchful sorrow, during which he had not cast off his apparel.

Magrath having ended his arrangements, brought out his uncle, who complained of his chair having been removed; while Magrath in a low voice, and in Irish, explained his motive, and exhorted the old man to lay a curb on his feelings when the ladies should appear. Touched by the querulous tremor of Shane's tone as he promised obedience, Bryan drew a chair close to him, and, taking both his hands, asked how he had rested.

"Rested is it? Yourself may tell that, Master Bryan, while the eye and the cheek of ye show that your young heart's well-nigh broken. Ahone! but the deed hasn't brought up to your sight the rivers of blood that trickled past mine; nor embroiled the dead to show you their gaping wounds, and make the cries ring in your ears that were hushed long and long afore you were born."

"It's nice comfort you're giving him, isn't it?" asked Magrath, impatiently.

Shane hung his head, and Bryan with soothing kindness said, "It is I that should comfort him, for he speaks too truly of the agonizing recollections brought to mind by this event. You know not, Magrath, what your uncle's affection for our race has led him to endure. We live in the veins of his heart, and what afflicts us, pierces him."

Stratified by this testimony, Shane looked up at his young master, saying, "True for ye, dear; but then we know they are in glory, and who would bring 'em back?" Then, with greater earnestness, he went on, "There she sat, she that's an angel in heaven now, after going to church last Sunday. 'And I'm thinking, Shane,' said she, 'that my poor Ellen won't go again to the house of God, until they'll be carrying her there in a coffin.' 'Ah now, Miss Letitia, then,' said I, 'and what'll be putting such dark fancies in your young head? Many's the day that ye'll both be skipping with the kids, upon your own hills again.' Sure, my heart didn't go along with my words, but I said it to cheer her soul, anyhow. 'Is it dark my fancies are, Shane?' said she, with a smile like a sunbeam. 'Nay, but I'll read you an account of the place that I'm thinking to dwell in.' And then she opened the old book and read something near the end of it, about a city that hath no sun, nor moon, nor candle, but is always bright with the glory of God. I asked her, how did she know that she was going to live there? and she told me that she knew it. 'And, Shane,' said she, 'you heard the shot that hit the market-house? many of those shots will we have among us; and if one of them hits me, I'll tell you, Shane, dear, it will be but a chariot that my Father sends to

take me to the bright city.' Och, but I'll never forget how she turned up her blue eyes and smiled, as if it was all before her sight."

"She's there now," uttered Magrath, in a deep tone of voice; while Bryan in silence regarded on this almost dying testimony of the gentle spirit whose flight he longed to follow.

The entrance of the Lady and Ellen severely put to the test both his fortitude and Shane's. They had slept, and the waking hour—who that has known such a waking hour would wish it described?—who that has not could realize the description?

Deep sobs shook the frame of poor Ellen, as she vainly strove to answer her brother's tender inquiries; while the Lady, advancing to Shane, took his hand, and extending her other to Magrath, "What comfort, my aged partner in sorrow, has the Lord given you under this blow?"

"Tell her Ladyship what you told the master," whispered Magrath. Shane readily obeyed, and the Lady's countenance assumed an expression of triumphant delight, as she uttered praises to the Author and Finisher of her children's faith.

"Oh, that such a chariot would come for me!" murmured Ellen.

"Hush, love; were you not even now resigning all your will to His?"

"Ah yes! but—"

"Unsay that 'but,' my beloved young lady," interrupted Basil, who had entered. "He hath done all things well; but it is never well with our souls till they assent to that confession."

Magrath had placed the Bible before Bryan, and whispered, "Will I call the soldiers in?" as their steps were heard descending the stairs from their breakfast.

A nod of delighted acquiescence despatched him to summon them, while a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between Basil and the Lady.

Again was the domestic visitation improved to the benefit of others, and Basil, having brought down his Irish translation, had the delight of seeing Magrath diligently studying the chapter which was read.

"Heaven bless you!" said the elder of the soldiers, as they respectfully retired after prayer. "God sends trouble to all, and happy are they who get such comfort with it."

"Blessed, indeed," remarked Basil, "are those afflictions which trim the lamp to make it burn more brightly—causing the light to shine broadly before men, which else had illumined but a contracted sphere."

"Oh, sir!" said Ellen, "I will indeed unyoke that discontented but. It seemed hard, when first we entered this altered room; but the Lord sends others to hear and to pray in their place—yes," she added, raising her voice with solemn fervency—"yes, He hath done all things well, and His will, His will alone be done!"

"Didn't she look like an angel then?" whispered Shane to Magrath in Irish.

"Ay, and she'll be one before long."

Magrath did not seem aware how widely he was departing from his church's bounds in thus freely conceding an entrance into heaven to those whom she stigmatizes as the progeny of hell. Taught from his earliest years to regard as the natural claimants of his most vindictive hatred all who bore the Protestant name, the temporary impression in their favor which his grandfather's narrations had made, wore away beneath the rough collision of fiercer spirits; and gladly did he accept the pre-eminence which his comparative learning acquired for him among evil men. Hardy, daring, and acute, he shrunk from no enterprise that was placed before him, conscious that his wit and cunning would be found available where the rougher qualities might not suffice. He had been chosen to convey intelligence to Lundy, and approached the walls of Derry with feelings as hostile as ever beat in the bosom of man—counting it a high privilege to accelerate the extermination of what he considered a nest of poisonous reptiles. How far the hospitable generosity of Bryan might have wrought upon his prejudiced feelings, without the aid of his unexpected recognition of Shane, may be doubtful; but the word is sure which says, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him;" and many a persecuted member of the church of Christ, in those days of discord and massacre, experienced its fulfillment. Certain it is, that consanguinity was the least powerful of all the ties which, after a little space, bound Magrath to the house of the M'Allisters. An Irishman is generally too much the creature of impulse to investigate very closely the origin of his warm feelings; and when Magrath did incline to wonder at his growing attachment to an heretical brood, he referred it to the royalty of the O'Neill, which demanded from him an allegiance spontaneously paid. Conscience occasionally whispered that the Lady, having strayed from their fold, was under the ban of the church, and, as such, an alien from the prerogatives of her race; but Magrath turned a deaf ear to these admonitions—banishing the thought by a happy faculty which he had of forgetting whatever he did not choose to remember.

Basil's first recital had revived most unexpectedly the very feelings best

calculated to soften his religious asperities, and it was done from a dim recollection of the calming effect which the Scriptures never failed to produce on his grandfather, that Magrath was led, as it were instinctively, to place them in the hands of those who writhed under affliction. But to his own mind they were still devoid of interest, unless clothed in the garb of his kindred tongue. "It isn't that I care for the Bible," said he one day, when wishing to damp the evident hopes that Basil entertained of his conversion. "An old legend of Bryan Boromy, or Conn, would take my fancy more. But you see the Coltic comes so natural to me, that the sound goes through my heart. Sure, and didn't they all speak it that are dead, and they that are far away? Wasn't it the comfort of old Dennis to tell his griefs in it; and didn't I hear it talked round the dinner-board, and sung over the cradle? Och, but it's a murder to twist this English off my tongue, while the Irish slips out of my throat like the breath of my lungs, or glides down into my heart before I'm aware of it." An Irishman of our day has most beautifully expressed the charm of those familiar accents: "And oh! he it heard in that language endearing, In which the fond mother her lullaby sung, Which spoke the first lessons of childhood, and bearing The father's last prayer from his now silent tongue. That so, when it breathes the pure sound of devotion, And speaks with the power that still'd the rough ocean, Each breast may be calm'd into gentler emotion, And Erin's wild harp to Hosannas be strung."

To be Continued.

Union of Greek and Roman Churches.

Observers of the European situation can not have failed to notice the evident longing of the Roman pontiff for what he deems his spiritual but wandering children, the members of the Greek church. Whether or not this union is probable, it can do no harm to briefly consider its probable consequences should it occur.

It would in the first place make the pope of Rome the most powerful potentate of the world. Untiling his faithful subjects in other European countries with the solid millions of the Czar's empire, what natural barrier could be found in Europe to restrain his ambition.

If he and the Czar could agree in keeping separate temporal and spiritual jurisdiction, the Russian emperor, with the increased influence he would receive throughout Europe by reason of spiritual subjection together with his subjects to the pope, would place him easily first as a political power in the whole eastern world. The spiritual power of the pope, united with the temporal power of the Czar, judging things naturally, would constitute a power very difficult to resist and still more difficult to overcome.

Though the pope has of late manifested strange love for republican institutions, this manifestation can not be regarded as reliable nor as made in good faith, so long as the dogma of temporal power remains as a part of his spiritual faith; for the union in one man of dictatorial, spiritual and temporal sovereignty, is a condition about as far removed from republican liberty as anything that can be imagined. The world, and especially the people of the United States, should not be foolish enough to trust the papal professions of love for republican institutions, while the pope continues to claim the right to rule the world both spiritually and temporally, without its consent. Let the pontiff revise his claims and professions with a view to agreement and consistency, before he expects them to be received by careful observers and logical thinkers.

In the light of the past history of Catholicism, as well as the present strikingly inconsistent attitudes and professions of the pope, we do not believe that the only object had in view in seeking control of the Greek church, is the power to inaugurate a reign of universal peace. The days of Catholic control in Europe are the days of darkness and bloodshed, of crime rampant, and murder stalking abroad. And why not? Relieved of personal responsibility by implicit obedience to the pope, they naturally felt no apprehensions of the results of personal accountability; and hence the tendency of human nature to all manner of evil, freed from the wholesome check of personal responsibility, produced the legitimate fruits of robbery, licentiousness and murder.

In considering whether such a union between the Roman and Greek churches as the pope contemplates can be effected, several things must be taken into the account: The Czar holds his supremacy over the millions of the Greek church, his political subjects, largely by reason of his religious functions as the head of the Greek church. Can he afford, viewing the matter from the standpoint of political influence, to give up his spiritual robes and spiritual authority and power? But should he finally consent to do so in view of his increased prestige in the Catholic countries of Europe by reason of obedience to the holy see, will he not stipulate that the pope's control of his subjects shall be only and always of a spiritual character? And will the

pope, by entering into such a stipulation, strip himself and his successors from claiming temporal power?

We do not wish for this proposed union. It would darken both the political and the religious sky of Europe; the former by giving the Czar more opportunity to exercise an influence in other nations than his own, and the latter by adding many millions to the already vast numbers who accept the dictation of a leader whose ambition knows no bounds, and whose influence over his subjects and authoritative instructions to them, leave no room for either the reception or exercise of political or religious freedom.—*Independent Patriot.*

AGAINST PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

Protestant Preachers in Jersey Hostile to Dividing Public Funds.

"We should allow no man, be he priest or pope, to lay violent hands on the public schools of America, save under penalty of death."

This was what the Rev. Dr. D. R. Lowrie said last night in the Emory Methodist Episcopal church, Jersey City. Since the futile attempt to induce the late New Jersey legislature to pass a bill to compel the state to contribute a liberal share of the money collected for the state school fund to the support of parochial schools the ministers and priests have been disturbed. All denominations have taken up the subject, as the intention is to renew the effort to obtain aid when the next legislature convenes.

"The Roman Catholic War Against the Public Schools" was the subject of the Rev. Dr. Lowrie's sermon. "I do not wish to say anything unkind or unfair against the membership or priesthood of the Roman Catholic church," he said, "but its history has very clearly indicated it has been the foe to liberty and good government.

"The end sought by Roman Catholics," continued Dr. Lowrie, "is not so much a division of the school fund as it is war upon the public school system. The attack was not inaugurated by Roman Catholic citizens of America. It was forced upon them against their will by the priesthood."

"The burglar who tries to enter your house objects to light. Why? Because it interferes with his business. Why does the church of Rome object to our public schools? Is she nursing the same work she did during the dark ages? Is she up to crime? Does the Jesuit mean to manage the politician and control the public moneys? I answer, yes, and but for the searchlight of the public school system their progress would be more rapid."

The Rev. John Finch, of the First Baptist church, Hoboken, Sunday night also preached to a large congregation on the public school question.

The Roman parochial school, he said, was not a national school, and he would tear down the flag from the public school house of America would tear down the stars and stripes from the capitol building at Washington.—*New York Herald.*

He Was a Romanist.

In *The Citizen* of July 1, "Tenn." asks: "What was the nationality and religion of Capt. Wirz, the confederate custodian of Libby prison?"

I presume he means Capt. Henry Wirz, C. S. A., who commanded at Andersonville prison. A Major Turner had charge of Libby prison a long time previous to the end of the war.

The sentence of Capt. Henry Wirz was promulgated Monday, November 6, 1865, and he was hung at 10:30 A. M. Friday, November 10. Two priests—Fathers Boyle and Wiggott—attended him on the scaffold—Father Boyle with a gold inlaid ebony cross, stood on one side, and Father Wiggott on the other side of Wirz, he having received a copious draught of whiskey before leaving his cell.

Wirz was a Prussian. At one time previous to the war, Wirz was an employe of the shawl manufacturer department of the Washington Mills of Lawrence, Mass., having come from Connecticut. From Lawrence he went to Kentucky, and at the outbreak of the war he was a physician on a Louisiana plantation. He soon went to Richmond, and from a private confederate soldier became an officer—a member of the military family of Gen. Windu, who had charge of the confederate prisons in Virginia.

Wirz at Andersonville was in another confederate military department, commanded by Major-Gen. Howell Cobb, who served through the Mexican war, and was at one time a cabinet officer—secretary of the treasury of interior department.

By the way, while I am writing I want to call the attention of *The Citizen* readers to some things political. We hear about vigorous pension reforms. Yes; but let us see. Now, the secretary of the interior department is Hoke Smith, who is a son-in-law of this same confederate Major-Gen. Howell Cobb, who was in command over Wirz and his awful prison. General Cobb kept a pretty close watch over the prison—frequently visiting it; and its management had his approval, etc.; and now his son-in-law reigns supreme over the question of giving these starved, crippled union soldiers, a pension. Has he any of his father-in-law's traits?

The head of the administration has selected for commissioner of pensions, William Lechman, who, at the first announcement, the papers all told us, was born in Vermont; but he was really born in Ireland. Now, was he given the commissionership to conduct the pension output of the United States treasury into the coffers of Romanism? Will he not look out for the Irish brigade that so almost annihilated itself at Fredericksburg to such an extent that it received the glorious praise of Gen. Francis A. Walker? Now, will *The Citizen* give us the church record of this commissioner of pensions; and while doing that, also give us some points about the assistant commissioner of pensions—Mr. Murphy? What are his strong points? Don't he work for the "howly church?"

"Some blatant Irishmen in this section loudly assert to groups of other Irishmen that 'We are the people.'—'We are the people now, ain't we?' It is high time to know if this is going to soon prove true.

When the chime of bells in St. Mary's church, in this city, was dedicated, several years ago, the orator of the occasion in his remarks said they would "ring for marriage, for death, and, some time, for war!"

Is it not time to think where are we at?—*Occasional, from Lawrence, Mass., in Boston Citizen.*

Things We Meet With.

There is an organization in the United States called the A. P. A., which means the American Protective Association. The object of this association is to destroy the power of Romanism in our government as much as possible; to cut off the hand of Rome where it is found in the public treasury, and to guard the public schools from the malicious attacks of the Romish priesthood. Of course such an organization as this would be most cordially hated by the Roman Catholic politicians and Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. During the recent elections in western cities the A. P. A. succeeded in defeating a great many Romish candidates for office. This has called out the most bitter denunciation of the order by the Romish press all over the land. Roman Catholics have come to think that most of the people in the gift of the people belong to them, and it is a notorious fact that in all of our larger cities, and many of our smaller ones, a majority of our officers are Romanists. There are too many of this class of people drawing pay for doing political work. Any organization that can put an American into office is doing a good service to the nation. These how the A. P. A. is regarded by the Romanists it is only necessary to read one of their papers. In a recent issue of the *Catholic Citizen*, published in Milwaukee, was an editorial on "How to Treat the A. P. A." We make the following extracts from the article to show the spirit that animates our Romish fellow editors:

"The members of the A. P. A. should be dealt with as wild beasts—treated without mercy and followed with unrelenting punishment. That may seem cruel, but in our opinion it is the most charitable, because the most effective, remedy.

"The boycott is the right weapon of isolation. At heart the A. P. A. member is a coward. The very fact that he goes into a secret society to injure his Catholic neighbor proves this. He is too mean to fight openly. Now the right cure for the coward is the cure of terrorism. The only way to make anything like a man out of a sneaking enemy is not to argue with him, but to punish him. Hit him. Hit him again. Keep on hitting him. The Orange evil in Ireland will never be thoroughly cured until the rest of Ireland rises up and gives Belfast a drubbing that will be remembered for a century. The A. P. A. evil in our midst must be fought down with every weapon of political, industrial and social proscription that the law tolerates.

"And so far as Catholics are concerned, public opinion will respect them all the more if they evince a righteous sternness in dealing with those sneaking enemies who would disfranchise them politically and degrade them to hewers of wood and drawers of water in the industrial world. Catholics should shun the shops of A. P. A. business men as they would shun a pest house. They should not recognize an A. P. A. neighbor on the street. They should decline to work with A. P. A. workmen. They should vote for no man ever suspected of A. P. A. membership. A terrible earnestness in dealing with this evil wherever it crops out is a duty we owe both to ourselves and our country.

You have only to touch the politics or religion of a Roman Catholic to deserve in his eyes, the worst punishment that can be inflicted upon men and women. Nevertheless, political and religious freedom will be safer when Romanism is less active in the affairs of our government.—*Boston Investigator.*

The True Issue.

Catholics have only themselves to blame for the opposition which has been raised against their election to office in this country, since it was only a few years ago when nobody thought of raising such a question. Catholics secretly took advantage of this situation and with a studied purpose secured the election and appointment of Romanists to every possible position. School boards, city councils, city governments, police and fire departments have been packed with the emissaries of Rome, and Catholic lobbyists have intruded themselves in organized force

upon state and national legislatures. The people awoke slowly and reluctantly to the situation. The people have found themselves betrayed by a so-called religious organization whose members they had trusted as patriots. Catholics have imperilled American institutions. The people no longer trust them. Rome has forced the issue and the people have accepted it. The fight will go on until the church of Rome takes her proper place as a religious institution, as other religious bodies do, or falling in this Romanism in America shall lie prostrate in her ruins.—*American Idol.*

A Celestial Metal.

The analysis of the aerolite which, on April 8, fell on Ossawatimie, Kansas, injuring the statue of John Brown, which Horace Greeley erected there, has given interesting results. The analysis was made by United States Assay Joplin. He found in it igneous rock, iron and graphite; but about one-fourth of the mass consisted of a metal unknown to the professor, and as he believes, without duplicate on earth. It is of minute crystal, perfectly white, resembling snow in appearance; but its specific gravity is four times as great as that of gold. It is both malleable and ductile, but could not be worked without great power, as it is exceedingly tough. It is very sensitive to electricity. When a single wire connected with an electric fan was applied to it the strange stuff started, was convulsed like some living thing and as suddenly became quiescent. The most interesting result of the analysis; however, was furnished by the spectroscopic. Its rays, when the metal was subjected to great heat, gave the same lines as those found in the spectrum of the sun, to the source of which the name helium has been given. No one knows what kind of metal helium is; the only thing known about it, is that it exists in the sun and that no metal on earth known to scientists gives the same lines in the spectrum. It seems probable that this crystalline substance is helium, and if so, the question arises whether the aerolite from which it was obtained was cast off from the sun or from some planet or star of like composition. Of its celestial original there can be no question, since its elements are not of the earth. The christian's character ought always to bear a like test; if his love for his enemies, his kindness and forbearance and his general helpfulness were conspicuous, the world would know that his religion is a heavenly think. (John 17:16).—*Christian Herald.*

Jesus of Nazareth!

The following is said to have been obtained from an ancient manuscript sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the senate of Rome:

"There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as their prophet but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the Immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their tombs, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped; his aspect amiable and reverend; his hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curves below his ears, agreeably curving on his shoulders and parting on the crown of his head; his dress the sect of the Nazarenes; his forehead is smooth and large; his cheeks without either spot save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below the chin and parting in the middle; his eyes clear, bright and serene. He rebukes with mildness and invokes with the most tender and persuasive language, his whole address, whether in word or deed being divine. He is grave and serious, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the people behold him weep frequently, and so persuasive are his tears that the multitude who gaze upon him cannot withhold their tears from joining in sympathy with him. He is moderate, temperate and wise, in short, whoever he may be, he seems at present to be a man of exceeding beauty and Divine perfection, every way surpassing ordinary men."—*Exchange.*

Rebuked the Bishop.

NEW YORK, May 9.—A cable from Metz to a morning paper says: The emperor has addressed a letter to the bishop of Metz in which he finds fault with the attitude of the prelate in introducing to the pope a body of pilgrims from Lorraine. In his speech the bishop told the pope that the Catholics of Lorraine were grieved to see him a prisoner to the Vatican. The letter says: "The emperor learns with regret that one of the princes of the church in Germany should have used language so unjust in Italy, language which is almost an outrage to King Humbert; but the emperor believes that the bishop's words ran in advance of his opinion, and for this reason does not wish to use extreme measures, supposing that a word of warning will suffice. At the same time, his majesty forbids any German cleric to meddle in political affairs."